

SHAPIRO, LAST OF ASSASSIN CREW, IS FREE

WEATHER—Fair to-night and Saturday; cooler.

FINAL
EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT.

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The



The World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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ROBIN \$233,000 IN DEBT
TO THE CARNEGIE TRUST
HE ADMITS UNDER HOT FIRESays on Cross-Examination He Was
Deeply Involved at Time He
Charges Hyde With Forcing
Loan by Northern Bank.

Joseph G. Robin, wrecker of the Northern Bank and high financier, who has made a fortune from his cell in the Tombs during the twenty-two months he has spent there for stealing from the Washington Savings Bank, resumed the witness stand to-day before Justice Goff in extraordinary term of the Supreme Court at the trial of former City Chamberlain Charles H. Hyde, who is charged with bribery in connection with a loan of \$130,000 which Robin, through the Northern Bank, was said to have been forced to make to the then tottering Carnegie Trust Company.

Robin, quick thinker and fast talker, was under the cross-examination of Max D. Steuer, of counsel for Mr. Hyde. The suave-talking, low-voiced attorney, armed with great masses of documents relating to Robin's high financing, shot telling question after another at the bank wrecker in an effort to break down his testimony that he had been threatened by Hyde that city funds would be withdrawn from the Northern Bank unless the loan of \$130,000 was made to the Carnegie Trust Company.

WHAT HYDE'S COUNSEL WANTS TO SHOW AGAINST ROBIN.

It was apparent from Mr. Steuer's early questioning that he would seek to show three things against Robin: That he is insane; second, that he has stolen funds left in his custody; and, third—and most important—that he was personally and deeply involved in the affairs of the crumbling Carnegie Trust Company that he made the \$130,000 loan voluntarily, in an effort to prevent the crash which would, in turn, bring the Northern Bank under a merciless fire from the State Banking Department.

Under examination, Robin admitted that he was the head of the Northern Bank, which was a security for which was stock in the Carnegie Trust Company, and that the failure of the Carnegie Trust would have inflicted heavy financial losses upon the Northern Bank. He was further forced to admit that the Northern Bank had a deposit of a million of dollars on deposit with the Carnegie Trust, which it would have lost by the failure of the Trust company.

There was considerable comment about the courtroom to-day that the jury which is trying the Hyde case is held under lock and key at the Murray Hill Hotel during the trial while Mr. Hyde is out on a bail bond of \$7,000, so that he may confer with his attorneys, Max D. Steuer and John D. Stanchfield.

The opening of the trial was delayed for some time by motions in other cases, and it was eleven o'clock before Robin was recalled to the stand.

STANCHFIELD FILES BRIEFS ON HIS MOTION TO DISMISS.

Immediately Mr. Stanchfield filed his briefs on the motion he made yesterday to dismiss the indictment against Hyde. Justice Goff declared he would give District Attorney Whitman sufficient time to make answer before he ruled.

"I wish to announce to the jury," he said.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

AS PENNIES MAKE A DOLLAR SO LITTLE PLEASURES MAKE GREAT HAPPINESS.

In choosing a home for the cold winter months these important factors should be carefully considered:

VANDERBILT WILL
RETURN IN AUGUST,
AFTER SEEING 'KID'Denies Report He Is to Sell
Oakland Farm and Live
in England.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is not going to shake the dust of America from his shoes and make his future abode in England. Stories in the morning papers said he was, but Mr. Vanderbilt says no—and he certainly should know. He was somewhat amused this afternoon and somewhat annoyed.

"It is rather amusing to hear such reports," he said, "when one has just fixed the date of his return. I am coming back here in August. We are going to England on our usual trip and will leave on the 15th of next month. I am not going to close Oakland Farm; I am indeed, I think too much of Oakland Farm and have taken too much pains in building it up for anything of that sort."

"We have made our arrangements to leave here so as to be with the kid on Christmas. Of course, I shall under look and see at the Murray Hill Hotel during the trial while Mr. Hyde is out on a bail bond of \$7,000, so that he may confer with his attorneys, Max D. Steuer and John D. Stanchfield."

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ATHLETIC HEIRESS
WALLOPED COUNT
IN BOUT ON SHIPGuy de Lasteyrie Arrives on
Liner, Showing a Fancy
"Shiner."

HE PUT UP HIS DUKES.

Wanted to Show His Bride-to-
Be He Was a Regular
—Bang!

Un grand oeil noir was brought to these shores to-day by a certain high young French nobleman, none other than the Count Guy de Lasteyrie, lineal descendant of the great Marquis de La Fayette, and except it from the passengers of the Mauretania—it is some shiner eye, with veritable, such a certain ring as might appertain to his countship if the great feffies in his prime had slammed his lamp with his mountainous mitt.

But this little matter of an oeil noir, as they say in Little Old France, was borne with purity and innocence by Guy de Lasteyrie, for he is one happy fellow. He arrives here for the illustrious purpose of entering into wedlock with the beautiful and charming Miss Constantine Warren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren of No. 62 Fifth avenue. The ceremony will be performed on Dec. 21, by which day the Count is confident the kaleidoscopic bride about his right eye will have vanished utterly away.

The Warrens were fellow passengers of the Count's on the Mauretania, Mr. Constantine and pere and mere. The Count had his betrothed to console him in his affliction and Mr. and Mrs. Warren were very sympathetic. There were various versions as to how the Count developed the shiner, one a very thrilling theory.

COUNT SAYS HE FELL OUT OF BED IN A DREAM.

In justice to the Count it might be well to tell his little story first. "I fell out of bed, don't you know," said the Count, with a far off look in his one good eye. "I was dreaming, you see, of a great hunt I was in on the Rockies a few years ago. I had backed a grizzly to the edge of a precipice and he made a pass at me. My 30-30 Winchester exploded and bang! I plunged right out of bed and landed on my eye."

"The Count speaks English perfectly and occasionally drops into American slang. He has been in business in this country, and for four years was employed by a big electric company in Ohio. This same Count has worked with his hands and worn overalls, and he is of the same athletic disposition as his bride-to-be. Next to Miss Eleanor Sears, Constantine Warren is considered the most athletic young lady in New York and Newport society. All of which brings us to theory No. 2, the thriller.

During the trip over, the Count and the future Countess walked away the tedious hours with many athletic enterprises. They patronized the ship's gymnasium and they engaged in endurance walking matches on the promenade deck. They discussed a multitude of popular sports and pastimes and on Wednesday—the day the Count's shiner sprang into being—Miss Warren teased the Count that he came in a race of parlor athletes. The French were inept in the manly art of self-defense.

YOUNG WOMAN DECORATED THE COUNT'S LAMP.

"Just put up your hands," said the sprightly beauty, "and I'll show you that you don't even know how to guard."

Guy de Lasteyrie laughed brightly and put up his hands, as the saying goes. But my how crude he was. His young lady bride held her very first wallop and her future lord and master was decorated for a month, and of the many orders and medals he has brought over in his trousseau the most spectacular of all is the order of the Oeil Noir, beetle black and brilliant at the edges. The Warrens would not talk of their Count's black eye. They let the "shiner" talk for itself and adroitly guided the conversation into other channels.

The couple met last winter when the Count was sojourning in New York. They met again five months later when the Warrens went abroad and the engagement was announced early in October. The George Henry Warrens are of the creme de la creme of New York and Newport society. After the wedding the happy couple will go west to hunt big and little game and to play tennis and golf in the salubrious climate of southern California.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

MENSCHIK WOMEN
TELL OF GIBSON'S
STRANGE QUERIESLawyer Sought, They Swear,
to Get One to Take Name
of Mrs. Szabo's Mother.

EXPERTS DENY MURDER.

Throttling Did Not Cause
Death, as State's Doctors
Testified.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of the Evening World.)
GOSHEN, N. Y., Nov. 22.—Burton W. Gibson, the New York lawyer on trial for the murder of Mrs. Szabo, was confronted this afternoon by Mrs. Veronika Menschik, an aged woman, who on the witness stand swore that he called of her home in the Bronx on July 22, 1912, she testified, tried to make her say her first or middle name was Petronella, which was the name of his dead client's mother. He said, she declared, that there was money coming to a Mrs. Petronella Menschik, who lived in East One Hundred and Forty-seventh street. The story of Mrs. Menschik was corroborated by her daughter.

Also in the rebuttal testimony a show was struck at the defense when George Telohman, a friend of Mrs. Szabo, testified she knew in May, 1912, that her husband was dead.

"On May 27," he swore, "I wrote a letter for Mrs. Szabo to her relatives in Vienna expressing her grief that on her return she would not find her mother alive."

"SURELY MIDDLE NAME IS PETRONELLA," REPUTED WORDS.

Mrs. Margaret Kendrick, daughter of Mrs. Menschik, testified:

"Yes, I have seen that man before," she said, "indicating Gibson. 'He came to our house at No. 417 East One Hundred and Forty-seventh street, and insisted my mother's name was not Veronica, but Petronella. After that he wanted to know if we had any relatives and what their names were. When I told him my mother's first name was Veronica he said then her middle name surely was Petronella.'"

Mrs. Kendrick was followed on the stand by her mother.

"He asked me my name," said the older woman. "He said there was some money coming to me. Petronella Menschik, he said, had money coming through him, and I told him again my name was Veronica. Then he went away."

Mrs. Kendrick tried to explain by his cross-examination that Gibson visited Mrs. Menschik in his search for some one to whom to turn over Mrs. Szabo's \$100,000 estate.

While these points were being made, Gibson, for practically the first time in his trial, manifested extreme nervousness. Mrs. Gibson too lost her poise. She clutched at one of her husband's arms, and with his other he raised a shaking hand to his face.

Court then adjourned until 10 o'clock Monday morning.

Mrs. Gibson after the session said she was so confident of an acquittal that she had not thought it necessary to take the stand.

"But it would not have been an ordeal for me if I knew it was helping Burton," she said.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Tobacco Magnate and His Wife
Happy Parents of Girl BabyBANDIT FORSBREY
IS TORN FROM GIRL
TO SERVE SENTENCESheriff, With Revolver, Holds
Off Sweetheart Who
Aided Escape.

Reynolds Forsbrey, the desperado who confessed to the killing of Mayor Schwartzkopf at No. 5 Delancey street, and the wounding of Max Katz in an effort to rob a cigar store in Cooper Square, July 29 last, was sentenced for both crimes to-day by Judge Mulqueen in General Sessions. He had pleaded guilty to second degree murder in the more serious case. The District Attorney had been able to find no witnesses of the actual shooting and the evidence was altogether circumstantial.

Judge Mulqueen imposed a sentence of nine years in Sing Sing for the attempt to kill Katz, and the fixed penalty of not less than twenty years or the extent of the convict's life for the murder.

SHERIFF WITH BIG REVOLVER CLOSE UP AT BAR.

More conspicuous in court than the prisoner himself to-day, with his record for the taking of life and desperate escape from the Tombs, was Sheriff Julius Harbinger. When Forsbrey was brought to the bar, the Sheriff raised his revolver beside the counsel with three links of the handcuffs, and made a dash for the prisoner's cell.

Mrs. Rian the beautiful girl who smuggled guns and munitions and to Forsbrey in the Tombs to aid his escape, rose from a chair in the back of the courtroom and went up to the Sheriff's office in the Court Building. She was dressed in black with a mourning veil. The Sheriff and the prisoner were awaiting her. She threw back the veil and made as if to embrace her sweetheart.

FAREWELL KISS BARRED AND HANDSHAKE CENSORED.

"None of that," snapped the Sheriff, jumping between them. "No kissing. Absolutely none. An Sheriff of this county, I don't let you see such things, but I must see the girl hands of both before they go."

The Sheriff had the revolver out of his pocket and was gesturing with it. He continued: "Whatever you have to say must be said with me standing between you."

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

WEE HEIRESS COMES
TO BRIGHTEN THE HOME
OF TOBACCO MAGNATEGirl Baby Born to Mrs. James
B. Duke in Fifth
Avenue Home.

About the smilingest man in New York to-day is James B. Duke, the tobacco magnate. His wife presented him to-day with a gift not all his scores of millions of dollars could buy—to wit, a healthy little girl baby.

The youngster is Mr. Duke's first child and comes to him in the middle of his fifty-seventh year.

All through his long bachelorhood Mr. Duke had been known among his friends as a lover of children. He has been caught by persons who knew him only as a fierce force of finance and business, on his hands and knees, joining like a small boy in the play of children of workmen on his estate near Somerville, N. J., which is only twice as big as Central Park.

The new baby was born at the Duke mansion, 415 Fifth avenue, and seven-and-eighty streets, a suite in which had been transformed into a hospital in expectation of the event. Mrs. Duke is reported to be doing very well.

Mrs. Duke was Mrs. Natalie Holt of Atlanta, Ga., the widow of a wealthy cotton merchant, when she married a second time. She was famous throughout the South for her beauty, and made a great impression in court circles abroad on her first trip there with her husband.

\$12 Men's O'coats & Suits, \$5.95

SHAPIRO GOES FREE
AND PLANS TO DRIVE
AUTO AT OLD STANDNo Gay Attire, Bankroll, Taxi or Big
Crowd Mark Release of Man
Who Merely Piloted As-
sassin's Machine.RIDES AWAY FROM COURT
IN TROLLEY WITH MOTHERRose Says He Has No Fear Because
Convictions Have Disorganized
the Gangsters.

William Shapiro, who drove the gunmen to the scene of the Rosenthal murder, was released from custody to-day upon the recommendation of District Attorney Whitman to Justice Goff. He was discharged upon his own recognizance, but the murder indictment upon which Becker, "Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louis," "Whitey" Lewis and "Dago Frank" have been convicted of murder is still hanging over him.

There was absolutely no eclat about the release of Shapiro and he did not whirl away from the fortress walls in a closely veiled taxicab to escape contact with the uncouth mob. Nor was the chauffeur of the gray murder car attired in Beau Brummel raiment and heeled with a roll of crisp yellow backs.

GOV. WILSON THREATENS
TO THRASH PHOTOGRAPHER
WHO SNAPS HIM AT BERMUDA"You're No Gentleman," Says Ex-
ecutive When Man Persisted in
Taking His Picture.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, Nov. 22.—President-elect Wilson to-day had a lively dispute with an American photographer, which almost led to the exchange of blows.

The photographer took a snapshot at Mr. Wilson in spite of his prohibition. Mr. Wilson thereupon angrily exclaimed: "You are no gentleman. If you want a good thrashing keep that up. I can take care of myself in these things. I came here especially to avoid photographers."

Mr. Wilson passed the greater part of to-day in making bicycling excursions in the vicinity of his residence.

DIDN'T KNOW HE MARRIED;
SHE SHOWS CERTIFICATE.But Walter Carman Insists That
There Wasn't a Legal
Ceremony.

The question whether a wife has the right to help herself to her husband's right and sleeve links, even though said husband does not know he is such, came up again this afternoon before Magistrate Murphy in West Side Police Court. Magistrate Carman of No. 36 West One Hundred and Fourth street and John Spindler, who have been in jail since yesterday because of their inability to furnish \$300 bail each, were arraigned charged with taking the watch and sleeve links of Walter Carman of No. 41 West One Hundred and Eighty-first street.

The woman produced a marriage certificate showing that Carman married her on Nov. 15 at the City Hall. The ceremony was performed, according to the certificate, by Alderman John McCourt.

Carman insisted that he was not married. Magistrate Murphy issued a subpoena calling upon Alderman McCourt to appear in Court Monday to get about the alleged marriage. He was reduced to \$100 in the hands of Mrs. Carman and Spindler, but they were unable to furnish it and went back to prison.

A LARGE PHOTOGRAPHURE FREE.

A photograph of President-Elect Woodrow Wilson and his family will be given free, for the country, with the Sunday World.

On the contrary, he was poorly, even shabbily, clad, wearing the same summer suit and gray sweater in which he was garbed at the time of his arrest, and there were scarcely a dozen curious persons in the corridors of the Criminal Courts Building when he was taken before Justice Goff in Extraordinary Term of the Supreme Court and set free. The act of freeing him was the matter of a moment, whereupon he went upstairs with Assistant District Attorney Hubin and then down a side elevator and out to Centre street where his mother was waiting for him.

RODE UPTOWN UNNOTICED ON TROLLEY CAR.

There was nothing in the couple's appearance to attract notice, and they boarded a Madison avenue trolley car and went uptown.

Shapiro declared that he entertained no fear of vengeance from the gangs. He plans to be back at his old stand at the Cafe Boulevard with another touring car, but positively not a gray one. A man who owns a car will rent it to him and he will cruise about in search of fares when he is not at the Cafe Boulevard stand.

"I guess I'm not important enough for the gunmen to want to get me," said Shapiro, "and then I didn't do anything but tell the truth. One thing is a cinch, though—I won't take out any more parties for Jack Rose or the rest of his crowd."

A flood of letters and telegrams for Jack Rose, Harry Vallon and Sam Schepps flooded the office of their lawyer, Bernard H. Sandler, at No. 288 Broadway, and brought a mixed harvest of death threats, proposals of marriage, love letters from the unknown, business offers and exhortations to the released informers to reform and become useful citizens.

ROSE SAYS ALL THE GANGS ARE DISORGANIZED.

Jack Rose, when he came down to his lawyer's office this morning, took the death threats lightly. "There isn't enough spirit or organization left among the gunmen and gangsters of this city after the conviction of Becker and the four Rosenthal slayers to give me any worry. I am much more troubled about my tonsils than about the threats of death. Likewise I am much more interested in the offers of publishers to get out my book and the dramatization of it. After seeing my doctor I am going to Florida to get back into shape, and then a writing career for me and my book on gambling and the underworld forever. I want to be a father to my children to the full extent of my powers."

Sam Schepps, who is spending some of the winter in the South, has not yet received the telegram from the Mayor, W. W. Waters, telling him to keep away from that resort. But his lawyer wired him to tell him to obey the invitation to stay away. He expects, however, from his